Rhythms

Teddy Bear Dreams All SHOT Away
by Theresa (S.) Boomer

Canopy beds, stuffed toys and dolls,
Crayons, coloring book, paper and pens,
Legos, blocks, books and rocks,
Doll houses, play cars, Barbie and Ken,
All strewn thru the house from beginning to end.

Easter and Christmas dresses made of velvet,
Tiny ribbons and bows for her hair,
Her most beautiful clothes she will now wear,
She will be forever young—too young I SAY!
For this is the day that she passed away,
All of her many dreams gone forever.

A thousand tears I cannot cry,
I just sit and wonder why,
Stunned, upset, worried and scared,
If these shootings keep up,
WHO WILL WE HAVE LEFT?!

No bicycle riding, no skating or skiing,
No sweet 16 birthday party, no proms
No 1st kiss from a 1st love,
No graduation from high school or college,
No proposals from bended knee,
No grandchildren sweet as can be.

Just the shattered remnants of what was to come,
Now just a funeral and some songs to be sung,
Before she is laid to rest,
I know she is in HEAVEN,
With the Angels and the almighty LORD,
With that thought I do take solace,
Now she can soar thru the Milky Way,
And Dance upon some falling stars.

Dedicated to 6 year old Kayla Rolland, a name to me not soon to be forgotten.